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Laus Deo!

(From the Independent, Feb. 9)

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On hearing the bells ring for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery in the United States.

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He hath cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare

In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun!

How they pale,

Ancient myth, and song, and tale,
Is this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!

All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!

In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,

Bells of joy! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nation that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

[Leypoldt, of Philadelphia, has in press the "Life of Mendelssohn," by LAMPADIUS, translated and edited by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE, from which we are kindly permitted to make the following extract in advance of publication.]

*** He was a man rather under the ordinary stature and size, somewhat neglectful of his personal appearance, yet graceful in his walk and bearing. His head was covered with glossy black hair, curling in light locks; his forehead, as befitted the head which teemed with such a burden of thought and feeling, was high and arched; his features sharply cut, but noble. His eyes were unspeakably expressive: when they glowed with indignation, or looked at you with estrangement, too much to bear; but, in his general friendly mood, indescribably charming; his nose, noble, and inclined to the Roman type; his mouth, firm, fine, in his serious moods more than dignified, authoritative I might say, yet capable of the sweetest smile and the most winning expression. In this graceful, finely moulded form was hidden not only a royal spirit, but a most kindly heart. To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense. He knew and he loved the Bible as few do in our time: out of his familiarity with it grew his unshaken faith, and that profound spiritual-mindedness without which it would have been impossible for him to produce those deep-felt sacred compositions; and, besides this, the other principle of the genuine Christian life, love, was powerful in him. God had blessed him with a large measure of this world's goods; but he made a noble use of them. He carried the biblical injunction into effect, to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction;" and he knew that to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked is a fast acceptable to the Lord. His threshold was always besieged by the needy of all sorts, but his kindness knew no bounds; and the delicacy and consideration with which he treated the recipients of his bounty largely increased the worth of his gifts, valuable as they were, even in a merely material sense. Since he died, deed upon deed has come to light, which I am not at liberty here to relate, out of courtesy to the receiver, out of consideration to the giver, which only shows how literally he fulfilled the Saviour's injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

But what is to be reckoned largely to his credit is, that, with his worldly advantages, he cherished such a love of work; that he was a man of such restless activity. Many successful workers of the German Muse have been the children of poverty, and, without the stimulus of necessity, would have always been unknown: in many a man of genius, the sad experience has been repeated, that, so soon as Fortune smiled, his genius has been soothed to easy slumbers; but Mendelssohn, born in the lap of luxury, never gave himself with easy resignation to a life of contentment with worldly comforts: he only used his wealth as a

means of giving his talents the more exclusively to his art; he did not compose in order to live, but he lived in order to compose. I must grant that this impulse to labor was the law of his nature. To be idle was for him to die. Sometimes, while his pupils in the Conservatorium were engaged on their tasks, he would execute charming little landscapes with his pen, which he used to gather up, and carry home. No little thing was able to disturb him when he composed. The place was indifferent. Sometimes, on his journeys, he would seat himself at a table as soon as he had reached an inn, and had established himself for a tarry, long or short, for dinner or for the night, "to write his notes," as he used to say. What he was to his wife and his children, despite this ceaseless activity, I need not try to tell. Enough to say, that he was the most devoted of husbands, the most affectionate of fathers. Whoever did not know him intimately, and perceive how careful he was to shield himself from over-excitement, and every kind of influence which should jar upon him, would hardly suspect that his heart was framed for friendship, and that he was a very approachable man. But the large number of his intimate correspondents; the openness with which he revealed himself to them; the hearty interest in their work and welfare; and especially the close bonds which bound him to his friends in Düsseldorf, London, and Leipzig; the rich store of communications which his friends still hold,—declare the very opposite. Of course, a man like him could not open his nature to every one who approached: this was sheerly impossible. He was in much the same position as Goethe, though with a far warmer and more communicative nature than he. But Mendelssohn carried to an almost morbid extent an unwillingness to allude to anything pertaining to himself. From principle, he almost never read what was written about himself; and he was very unwilling that anything, musical criticism excepted, should be published about him. The will of a living man must be law in such a matter as this: I trust that a desire to paint him worthily, now he has left us, would not offend his pure nature. Enthusiasm, such as greeted him so often, indeed so constantly, was not grateful to him: he had seen so much that was factitious, that he distrusted the real, excepting upon the fullest evidence that it was real. Discriminating praise, however, gratified him. That he was sometimes irritated, and out of tune, so to speak, as one may of a musical artist; that he was occasionally subject to a temporary ill-humor,—no one who knew him well, will deny: but so finely strung a nature must be exceedingly sensitive; and one who carried in his mind such a burden of thoughts might well be pardoned for neglecting other men's talk sometimes, and giving full vent to himself. His whole education and training had been such as to fit him for the most polished society. In large gatherings he was, for the most part, very much reserved; especially where he did not think it worth while to make much effort: but, if he did once break

the silence, word followed word, each weighty and comprehensive; his enunciation became very rapid; his countenance was all aflame; and, as his knowledge compassed all departments of learning, he wandered at his will over the whole domain of science and art. In circles of his nearest friends, where he felt entirely at home, and did not fear being misunderstood, he was often merry and free to the very last extent of unrestraint. Larger circles he used often to enliven with graceful contributions of his art; and the social gatherings of the Leipzig singers remember his presence with the greatest interest. Especially his four-part songs, both in the rehearsals and when they sang them at the table, gave to all the highest pleasure. At such times, Mendelssohn was the very picture of amiability, the personification of a lovely character.

A very beautiful feature in Mendelssohn is his treatment of other artists, particularly those whose direction differed widely from his own. That he should be on the kindest terms with such men as Moscheles, Rietz, and David, whose career ran in parallel course with his own, and who were, moreover, his personal friends, is not at all to be wondered at. Yet it would not seem surprising, it, with the singleness of his devotion to his profession, and the intense earnestness with which he approached music, with the exactness—and perhaps I might say, the rigid severity—of his self-discipline, he had turned away somewhat coldly from those whose life's course did not coincide with his own. Yet this was very seldom the case. In his judgments on the efforts of artists personally unknown to him, he was very careful and considerate; yet the play of his features was an excellent barometer of his feelings. The vast numbers of virtuosos whose merit lies alone in their rapid execution, he bore with great patience. He did not refuse to acknowledge this kind of skill, while often pained to the soul at the ill-treatment which great masterpieces suffered at the hands of such interpreters. But, where soul and taste were associated with the mechanical talent, he was the first to express his satisfaction, and to speak words of approbation; and to such artists he was the kindest benefactor. Some examples may show this. In January, 1840, Franz Liszt came to Leipzig, for the first time, to give concerts. By reason of the somewhat mercantile aspect of his agent's conduct, and the prominence which the latter gave to the preliminary business arrangements, together with some unwonted changes which he made in the Music Hall, the public judgment was arrayed against Liszt, even before he made his appearance. When he seated himself at the piano, he was not only not greeted with applause, but there were actually a few hisses heard. Liszt cast a defiant glance at the audience, and struck out into his finest style, fairly compelling the disaffected to forget their prejudice for the moment, and applaud. Still for this there was an unpleasant gulf between Liszt and the Leipzig musical public. The reconciliation was but momentary. In this emergency, what did Mendelssohn do? He gave Liszt a brilliant *soirée* in the hall of the Gewandhaus, to which he invited half the musical world of Leipzig; and provided not only a feast of melody fit for the gods, but a substantial banquet of earthly delicacies besides. It was a party on the grandest scale; and he and his wife played the parts of host and hostess in the

most graceful and winning style. Madame Mendelssohn, clad in a simple white dress, moved up and down among her guests like a fair visitant from heaven. The music on that brilliant occasion was equal to the demands of the hour; and it may be said without exaggeration, that perhaps Liszt never heard finer in his life. At his desire, there were given the then new "C-major Symphony" by Schubert, the Forty-second Psalm, and some passages from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." At the close, Mendelssohn played Bach's triple-concerto with Liszt and Hiller. The manner with which the great Leipzig master comported himself towards the unwelcome stranger completely won over the musical public of the city; and, when Liszt gave his next concert, he was received and dismissed with the greatest applause.

The next instance of Mendelssohn's magnanimity occurred in 1843. In February of that year, Hector Berlioz came from Weimar to Leipzig. He knew that his own direction diverged fundamentally from that of Mendelssohn's, and feared that his reception by the latter would be rather cool. Chelard of Weimar encouraged him to write to Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn's answer was as follows: "Dear Berlioz, I thank you heartily for your pleasant letter, and am rejoiced that you still remember our old friendship in Rome. I shall never forget it in my life, and shall be glad to talk it over with you. Everything that I can do to make your stay in Leipzig agreeable to you, I shall make it equally my duty and my pleasure to do. I believe I can assure you that you will be happy here, and be satisfied with artists and the public." (Then follow some passages regarding the preliminary details of a concert.) "I charge you to come as soon as you can leave Weimar. I shall rejoice to give you my hand, and to bid you welcome to Germany. Do not laugh at my bad French, as you used to do at Rome, but remain my friend, as you were then; and I shall always be your own Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

Berlioz came to Leipzig during the rehearsals of the "Walpurgis Night," which appeared to him a masterpiece. He reminded Mendelssohn of their residence* at Rome, and their experience at the Baths of Caracalla (where Berlioz had made fun of Mendelssohn's belief in immortality, retribution after death, providence, &c.); and asked him to make him a present of his director's staff, which Mendelssohn willingly gave him, only on this condition, that Berlioz should give him in return. Although, with the repeated rehearsals of the "Walpurgis Night," Mendelssohn was completely exhausted, yet he helped Berlioz to organize his own concert, and treated him, to use his own words, like a brother.

But one of the fairest honors which one great artist ever paid another was the brilliant *soirée* which Mendelssohn gave in honor of Spohr's visit to Leipzig, the 15th of June, 1846. Only

* One evening we were exploring together the Baths of Caracalla, debating the question of the merit or demerit of human actions, and their remuneration during this life. As I replied with some enormity, I know not what, to his entirely religious and orthodox opinions, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many scratches and contusions, in the ruins of a very hard staircase. "Admire the divine justice," said I, helping him to rise: "It is I who blaspheme, and it is you who fall!" This impiety, accompanied with peals of laughter, appeared to him too much, it seemed; and from that time, religious discussions were always avoided. —Berlioz's Musical Tour in Germany.

selections from Spohr's music were given,—the overture to "Faust," an aria from "Jessonda," the violin-concerto in E minor (played by Joachim), two songs with clarinet accompaniment, and the "Consecration of the Tones." It must have been a rare pleasure to Spohr to have seen his works brought out in the perfection of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and under Mendelssohn's direction; and, to the public, it was a great delight to see these two eminent composers side by side. At the close, Spohr went into the orchestra; and, to manifest his pleasure at the manner in which his pieces had been brought out, he directed the last two movements of his symphony with all the old fire of youth.

Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Hartel.

BY OTTO JAHN.*

It has, for some time past, become a custom among us to publish editions of the complete works of popular authors; friends and admirers have taken steps to collect and arrange the scattered works of deceased writers, and even some living ones have themselves been induced by the favor of the public to collect their own works. Recently, complete editions have grown to be a decided matter of fashion, and long rows of the complete works of German classics, of very varied classicality, fill the book-shelves. It is no longer an unheard-of occurrence for authors, at the outset of their literary career, to think of a collective edition of their yet unwritten books, and to publish annually three or four volumes of their complete works. It is, however, satisfactory that, in this manner, the gross amount of our literature is perfectly kept up, and rendered accessible for the enjoyment of readers, and the studies of investigators; and though, in too many cases, the practicability of such collections is based more upon a love for collecting and a pleasure in perfect sets, than on any sterling interest in the literary productions themselves, we must not find fault with the fact, for in this case, as in all matters where an important result can be attained only by the participation of the masses, we may be very well satisfied when the taste and sympathy of the public are in anywise directed to what is right and good. In what each individual conceives the common aim to consist; to what an extent he takes part inwardly in the general movement; and what lasting gain he is able to derive from such efforts are questions we may confidently leave every one to decide for himself. As a rule, however, people in Germany are far from entertaining the opinion that the public are bound to prove their interest in literature not alone by reading, but also by purchasing; that they are under certain obligations to the author with whose productions they would not like to dispense; that they only discharge those obligations by rendering him materially free and independent to pursue his labors in art; and that, by so doing, they also are working, according to a natural law, in the cause of literature, the prosperity of which is acknowledged by every one as the ornament and pride of the nation. While in England and France a man who is in easy circumstances, and makes any pretension to education, regards himself as bound in honor by that very pretension to set aside a reasonable sum in his household expenditure for literature and art, in the corresponding classes of society among ourselves, to buy books is still regarded as a most superfluous piece of luxury. The majority of the purchasing public is, consequently, composed of those who cannot well do without books as the implements of their profession, and such persons form neither the largest nor the most affluent section of the reading public.

* Translated, (for the London Musical World) by J. V. Bridgeman, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

The position of the public with respect to the music-publishing trade is essentially different to its position towards the bookselling trade. Music is purchased beyond comparison most extensively by those who themselves play and sing, and consists, therefore, only of such as comes within the sphere of their powers of execution and of their taste. Thus the regular market depends upon the majority of half-educated amateurs, whose taste is influenced in the course it takes principally by the music master, or the performances of virtuosi. The wants of Vocal Associations and Concert-giving Societies are of a different kind. Very limited, on the other hand, is the number of thoroughly educated musicians, who purchase music with independent judgment and serious interest, in order, for pleasure or for instruction, to gain a comprehensive view or a connected knowledge of their art, either in certain special branches or on a more extended scale. Professional musicians have not always the education or the wish, and frequently not the leisure, for pursuing studies of this description. In most instances, the necessary means are wanting. Even at the present day, it is but seldom that music is made the object of really scientific, and more especially historical research, demanding a comprehensive apparatus, and consequently there is an almost total want of great collections, commenced and continued on a definite plan. With the exception of the great libraries of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, there is, probably, scarcely a library in Germany that recognizes and fosters music as a subject entitled to a separate department of its own; even the Conservatoires and similar institutions appear not yet to have experienced the necessity of musical collections calculated for something more than the mere passing requirements of the moment. The system of supporting public libraries, a system of such moment in the case of literary enterprises of more than ordinary extent, is so seldom available for the music-trade that it can scarcely be regarded as an element to be taken into consideration. The music-trade is, therefore, immeasurably more dependent than the book-trade upon the wants of the day and all its caprices; and this affinity with the fashions explains many a peculiar phenomenon, such, for instance, as the decoration of the title-pages, to which we may generally apply the words of that modest critic who said: "It may not be in good taste, but still it is an ornament;" the custom, so unfavorable to historical research, and even to mere curiosity, of omitting the year of publication; and much more of a similar description, giving a volume of music the look of a book of fashions. Though certainly arising in the first place from the fact that, on account of its having to be engraved, music costs more to print, in proportion to the average sale, than books cost, the high price of music is connected with the above considerations. It results from the constitution of the public that large editions constitute rare exceptions in the music-trade, and that those works that do not go off at all or in only small numbers bears a larger proportion to those which find a sale than is the case in the book-trade. A popular work has, therefore, to make up for the losses occasioned by a number of works which have not proved successful, and it need not be remarked that works which are good in a business sense are not always so in an artistic one. A piratical publisher can, for this reason, easily sell at low prices, as he pays the author nothing, and prints only what his experience tells him has a large sale without his being obliged to purchase that experience by ventures which do not cover the expense of production. The high price is connected, likewise, with the exorbitantly heavy discount usually allowed to the retail houses; but it also results, at least partially, from the peculiar position occupied by the public of musical amateurs. As an almost general rule, the music-masters undertake to be the agents between the music-publishers and the purchasing public; the allowance which they claim has gradually become, in their eyes, a well-earned right, or, at least, an item of revenue they cannot conveniently spare, and which they possess sufficient influence to maintain. With such

deductions, we can very well understand that the shop-price must be fixed very high.

Though we may assume that what is printed in the way of books rightly represents, on the whole, the state of scientific and artistic production in literature, we cannot assert this, to anything like the same extent, of music. Until the last third of the eighteenth century, in Germany as in Italy, an overwhelming majority of compositions were circulated only in manuscript copies, that is, in every respect, in a highly unsatisfactory manner. It certainly sometimes happened that, in order to ensure greater publicity for them, composers etched their own works, as, for instance, we know that Bach and Telemann did. At that epoch, therefore, mere casual circumstances exercised the greatest possible influence in determining which compositions should become extensively known, and which be hoarded up, and rendered accessible only to a subsequent generation. Thus the most uncertain standard for forming a just appreciation of any master is that furnished by his printed compositions; we have no right to assume either that the works of the best masters, or the best works of such masters were made public by means of the printing-press. A striking instance of this is furnished by Johann Sebastian Bach, of whom only very little was published during his lifetime. Even that little included not his great masterpieces, but merely the instrumental compositions, for which, at any rate, a considerably extensive public of pianists and organ-players was to be expected. It was not till after the revival of the *Matthäuspasion*, by Zelter and Mendelssohn, that Bach's vocal compositions began to be snatched from oblivion; and for years and years to come the Bach Society may go on publishing unprinted works, not one of which is without its peculiar significance. Of such a master as Hasse, who for more than a generation reigned supreme on the stage of Germany and Italy, only detached compositions have been made known by means of the press—in short, it is an exception when the labors of a celebrated composer are to be estimated by his printed works. In London, on the contrary, most of Handel's grand compositions were immediately printed, and in Paris it was even the rule for operas to be engraved on being performed, a fact to be explained by the grand scale on which things are done in both those cities. The system, it is true, has, since then, been completely changed, and, at the present time, it is more especially the music-publishers of Germany who keep in view the high mission of permanently preserving great works of lasting value. But though, now-a-days, nearly all the works of any importance written by the principal masters, masters who exercise a determining influence, are printed, and thus preserved for the enjoyment and study of future generations, such works constitute only an extremely small portion of the mass of music brought into the market. Nor does this music, in the majority of instances, at all represent those superior, sterling composers, men with high and noble aspirations, who only under especially favorable circumstances succeed in seeing printed what they have created in true devotion to art; it represents only the caprice that changes with the hour, and the defective education of amateurs, who will never be at a loss for complaisant pens. Hence we may assert that, on the whole, the labors of the composers of our time, even though the history of art may never or only imperfectly become acquainted with them, are more serious and more important than the mass of printed works would lead us to expect—a fact which cannot, in any way, be declared of literature.

(To be Continued.)

Beethoven's Biographers.

The following is the Preface to Herr LUDWIG NOHL's new life of Beethoven, of which the first volume, *Beethoven's Jugend* (youth), 1770-92—has recently appeared in Vienna. The translation, which we find in the *London Musical World*, is there offered as "quasi-literal."

The following Biography of Beethoven is founded entirely upon my own researches. On this occasion, I had not, as I had with my *Mozart*, merely to fashion matter already collected from the best authorities by a celebrated scholar, and to present to the gaze of every one the image of a great man in art in all his grandeur and with the charm of life; in doing which, I may observe parenthetically, I have to regret that the execution of my work, in other respects my own, bears trace of the materials in question and of their scientific treatment. My present task, on the contrary, was principally one of historical investigation: partly to verify, by documentary evidence, existing materials, and partly to discover fresh.

That this leading duty of a historian, namely the collection and sifting of materials, has either never been performed at all, or not performed in a satisfactory manner by any of Beethoven's biographers up to the present day; and that none of the existing works are really biographies of him, are facts on which people have long been agreed. It was this state of things which called forth the following attempt to write a life of the master founded upon unimpeachable authorities and at the same time completely exhaustive. The first part, together with the authorities I have consulted, is now submitted to the impartial judgment of my professional colleagues, and, more especially, to the friendly consideration of the general public, for whom, in particular, the text at least of the book is intended.

In this place, I need speak only briefly of preceding Biographies, for Beethoven's youth is altogether neglected in them. As a general rule, one author has simply followed the other, without original criticism or further investigation.

First comes the work, in two volumes, of one of our leading musical scholars: "*Ludwig van Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen*, von A. B. Marx. Berlin, O. Janke, 1859." For this, I refer the reader to the criticism of the American, Alexander Thayer, in Vienna, who for years past has been devoting himself to the most careful study of Beethoven's life, and, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Boston, 1860, No. 420, has conclusively settled, with as much outspoken frankness as learning, the value of the biographical portion of the book. Unfortunately, too, I must remark that in the second edition, published last year, the worthy author did not consider it necessary, after having suppressed a few small errors, to proceed himself to the investigation of his materials. It seems as though he intended the biographical element merely to illustrate subordinately the master's creations. That this, namely the æsthetic-critical consideration of Beethoven's works, constitutes the chief value of the book I showed, a short time since, in a notice in the periodical called *Orion*, Hamburg, Hoffmann and Co., vol. II., p. 1, et seq., though I shall not be able properly to estimate his analysis till I come to those parts of my own work where I treat of these things.

The five-volume work of the Livonian, Wilhelm von Lenz, Russian Councillor of State, "*Beethoven, eine Kunststudie*, 1855-60," which, in its first part, appears to have served as the basis of Dr. Marx's book, while it is itself, without any particular criticism of its own, taken from the writings of Wegeler and Ries, Schindler and Seyfried, contains only in the last three volumes—"Kritischer Katalog sämtlicher Werke"—new historical matter, a portion of which was extracted by indefatigable questioning from the chronicler Schindler, and a portion, certainly not without great industry and trouble, collected from other sources; but, apart from the fact that it is a work of only small importance, to the disgust of so many admirers of Beethoven in quest of information, it labors under a truly chronic untrustworthiness. It cannot, however, be denied, that the German Russian, with his education of a thorough man of the world, and likewise the clever but eccentric Oulibicheff, have succeeded in obtaining many a glance into the universal nature of the master, and that, despite all monstrosities of style as of matter, there lurk in the book the elements of highly varied interest. As, however, almost nothing at all is to be found in it relating to Beethoven's youth, we must defer until later passing a final opinion on it.

Possessing a value of their own and constituting a genuine authority for Beethoven's youth, and, consequently a basis for all future works, are the *Biographische Notizen*, by Dr. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries, which were published, in 1838, at Coblenz. The value of the information they contain will be self-evident in the course of our Biography. Whatever Wegeler says is, with the exception of some few pardonable errors, perfectly and historically true. But it is, as a rule, with Ries's anecdotes as with those of the Chevalier Ignaz von Seyfried, which are contained in the appendix to a work of his, *Beethovens Studien*, published in 1832, and which were, a short

time since, proved, by a practised hand, to be utterly worthless. Both these writers narrate, it is true, from their own experience, but they are at the same time giving us their reminiscences of a period since which nearly a generation has passed, and over which, moreover, a gloom appears only too often cast by personal feeling.

Much valuable information concerning Beethoven's youth is contained, also, in the memoranda which, under the name of the *Fischhof'sche Handschrift* are preserved in the Berlin Library. These memoranda were drawn up for the purpose of a biography, which, immediately after Beethoven's death, was undertaken by a society consisting of friends of his, but which a multitude of obstacles caused to miscarry. They are founded upon communications of Beethoven and persons who enjoyed his intimate friendship, and we shall find the facts they contain confirmed elsewhere as perfectly correct.

Finally, the best work in a historical sense which exists concerning Beethoven, a work with which every one is tolerably acquainted, Anton Schindler's *Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven*, which, as far back as 1860, reached its third, or, more properly speaking, second edition, is of the greatest possible value as an authority, but, as far as the master's youth is concerned, gives us very little more than Wegeler's *Notizen*. In the summer of last year I once again met this most meritorious historiographer of Beethoven. I had been previously well acquainted with him. Whoever could have beheld the sincere friendliness with which the strange old gentleman, with his mummified exterior, received me in his house, and how he treated me, though I intended to graze in the kitchen garden he had so carefully cultivated—whoever could have beheld the unwearied attention with which, for days together, he went through, corrected, and completed, piece by piece, the materials I had gathered—the disinterested readiness with which he read or showed me a great deal in Beethoven's papers, and the tears, eloquent proofs of emotion, which the lively recollection of his deceased great friend and of better days called forth in the old and lonely man, over whose head those days had long since passed—whoever, finally, could have heard the animated and encouraging greeting with which he took leave of me, the young biographer, who was preparing for my task not without deep anxiety, and how he loudly bade me be of good courage—whoever had experienced all this as I did, would also, as I do, willingly forget all the rudeness and all the wrong of which the somewhat obstinate and imperious old gentleman, who had accustomed himself to regard the knowledge of Beethoven's life and deeds as his own domain, may have been guilty, though mostly when irritated into such a course, against so many. Nay, such a person would not fail to pay a certain degree of respect to the fidelity with which the only one of Beethoven's friends who was not to be scared away constituted himself, after Beethoven's death, his invariably devoted servant, willingly accepting all kinds of neglect and many a slight in order to continue serving his great lord and master. It is such rare fidelity as this which also deserves a crown!

At present he is dead, this true squire of the Master's! He died too soon, far too soon, for me, and for everyone who cares aught for accurate knowledge of Beethoven. With him there sank into the grave a rich store of reminiscences, of which neither he himself knew how to profit fully nor any one else to secure. His work, however—though the want of plastic power and high mental cultivation on the part of the author prevents it from possessing the value of an actual picture of Beethoven's life—will, especially in the later portions of our biography, prove not merely a perfect mine of wealth in the shape of knowledge of Beethoven's actions, but will be, also, for every future biographer a kind of standard of rectification for Beethoven's character, of the real nature of which, though he was only able to unfold it piecemeal in his work, Schindler appears to have possessed an incomparably deeper presentiment than any of his successors.

Of the way in which I myself have understood my task, how I have conceived Beethoven, and how I have divided his career, it is not for me to speak here. It must be explained by the book itself, especially as the reasons influencing me are given either in the body of the work or in the remarks. In placing the great Master of Music in the centre of the history of his own times, and not simply in the centre of art, I am only continuing the attempts of all my predecessors, each of whom felt, more or less, that the intellectual efforts of the age were united in this artist's individuality, and that the social and political life especially of that grand period found so strong an echo in Beethoven that he must be regarded as one of the principal supporters of the most productive ideas of the present century. Therefore do I hope that both the body of my book and the appendix to it, will not

be considered as an important authority for the history of music alone.

If I can by any means succeed in mastering the extraordinarily extensive mass of literature connected with the subject, I think I shall be able to complete the following volume, "*Beethovens Mannesalter, 1793 bis 1814*," also during the current year. This will be followed first by "*Beethovens letzte Jahre, 1815-27*," and, finally by "*Beethovens Werke*."

It still remains for me to express my warmest thanks to all those gentlemen who have assisted me in my labors. If, instead of naming them all, I mention here merely Dr. Hanslick; Dr. von Sonnleithner; Dr. Standthartner; Dr. Weilen; Dr. C. von Wurzbach, with his very valuable *Beethoven Collection*; Herren Fr. Espagne in Berlin; H. M. Schletterer in Augsburg; and J. J. Maier of this town, I must, at the same time, confess that, without the assistance of the many remaining, I should scarcely have collected such a rich store of materials, as that with which I trust, in the following volumes of my work, to delight all the friends of our Master. Should I, however, have, moreover, succeeded in imparting to my narrative something both of that high earnestness and of that heart-rejoicing humor which, on the one hand, caused Beethoven himself to be an object of such deep reverence, and, on the other, so often enabled those around him to overlook the instances of unevenness in his behavior—if, in other words, this first part of Beethoven's life should give a clear idea of that peculiar greatness which elevates this artist, in his character as well as in his creations, above his contemporaries, and places him side by side with the greatest men of any age, the object of my labors will be attained, and many an hour of severe exertion amply rewarded.

Munich, the 10th March, 1864.

L. NOHL.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Harriet Hosmer's Zenobia.

Zenobia, the royal Palmyrene, dethroned, deserted by her followers, enchained, and forced thus ignominiously to walk in the train of her conqueror;—mute, dejected, heart-broken, surely!

But when we enter that presence we are undeceived; for in the marble before us seem embodied all of lofty sadness, noble endurance and calm despair, the dark voices of which find utterance in the Polonaises of Chopin, and we instinctively pay our homage to royalty, for Zenobia stands revealed to us,—a queen.

The figure is erect, but there is nothing of defiance; the head is bowed, but there is nothing of concession;—simply majesty.

If, at some future day, she does succumb to Aurelian, it is plainly no part of her purpose now; the mouth perpetual abiding place of all expression, tells us that. The lips, quiet and firm, seem to hold in check all of pride and indignation that lives and burns within, as though even this were something too sacred to meet the eyes of her captor. There is little here to gratify the vanity of Aurelian. He cannot meet that look of calm disdain, which says so plainly:

—“This hast thou done; be glad! now, seek
The strength to use which thou hast spent in getting!”

without feeling that, in truth, she is as much above all need of him as when she sat, enthroned, with a nation at her command.

Miss Hosmer leaves much for us to divine in her statue. She has not endeavored to reproduce, in the face of her heroine, those delicate feminine traits and emotions which she feels, as only a woman can feel, and which the artist understands, as only a woman can understand, for these lose much of their intensity in the effort to find expression; but she has suggested them all by one master-stroke of art,—the drooping appeal of the right arm, which addresses itself directly to the heart of the beholder. Here alone does the Queen betray any hint of that weakness which is her glory, inasmuch as without it would be no strength. The face is a riddle, like that of the Sphinx, and the right arm its solution.

Hope is lost,—the scourge is inexorable; she is crowned with sorrow, but she wears it regally as should a queen.

In the contemplation of this admirable conception are conveyed many impressions which cannot be analyzed or traced to any distinct cause to attempt; this, is to destroy them; therefore we did not purpose to criticize, and we have already rendered our model of praise.

A. A. C.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The *Orchestra's* correspondent writes, under date of Jan. 6th.

On New Year's Day Music holds her court in Leipzig, and readmits the guests who desire to pay her homage. Whatever day in the week it may be, the first of the second half of the Gewandhaus concerts is held then. As is fitting upon so solemn an anniversary, the music is mostly of a serious character. This year the concert opened with Mendelssohn's impressive eight-part Motet (*a capella*). "*Mitten wir im Leben sind mit dem Tod umfungen*." I have previously had occasion to speak of this beautiful motet; the composer seems to have been deeply imbued with the simple solemnity of Luther's words. Although the intonation of all the singers was not quite perfect, the effect of the motet, sung by a larger body of voices than I had yet heard it, was most touching. Dr. Hauptmann's "*Kirchenstücke*" for chorus and orchestra—anthems we should call them in England—are of a different character, and have a more modern coloring. That they are models of form and harmonical treatment is implied by the fact of Dr. Hauptmann having written them; the greatest living authority on the theory of music could not be otherwise than correct. But besides this formal merit, each of these anthems has a distinct feeling of its own. In the first, "*Und Gottes Will' ist dennoch gut*," it seems as if it were intended to represent the almost passionate assertion of trust in the goodness of the Divine Love, even while suffering involuntary stirs up the doubts, which faith forces to bestill. The second, "*Nicht so ganz wirst meiner Du vergessen*," is more calm; the beautiful grace and flow of the melody tell of a soul in which faith has mastered all doubts, and which firmly believes that though "heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." These anthems are frequently sung in the Thomas Church, and may be strongly recommended to any choral societies possessing a good orchestra; for English church use I do not think they would be entirely suitable, as it would be difficult to arrange the accompaniment effectively for the organ.

The instrumental solo pieces are precious "nuggets" just brought to light. The first is a Concerto for the Violin (D major) by Mozart, written at Salzburg, in October, 1775, when he was in his twentieth year. The work, which is still but in manuscript, is in the possession of Herr André. How any thing so pleasing could so long have been kept in the dark is hardly conceivable. It had, I believe been shown at various times to several violinists; they must have glanced at it very superficially not to have appreciated its many beauties. I will not say that it is a great work, but it has the genuine Mozart grace of beauty and sound; the *andante* has a tone of sweet melancholy which is very charming—it is a genuine love-song. The accompanying orchestra consists of the string quartet, horns and oboes. Neither the clarinet (for which Mozart had afterwards so great an affection) nor the bassoons are employed. Herr David, who performed the concerto, has enriched it with some excellent cadenzas, which, while giving it brilliancy, do not disharmonize with its style; but it may, perhaps, be questioned whether the pieces of "passage-work" in the cadenza inserted in the slow movement are quite in the character that Mozart would have sanctioned. The other solo was exhumed from the rich stores of Bach's forgotten or unknown works. It is the *Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte* from Bach's fifth suite for the violoncello, which Herr David transposed and arranged for the violin, and has added a supporting accompaniment for the pianoforte. If I am not mistaken, this suite is the one in which Bach directs the highest string of the violoncello to be tuned a note lower than the usual pitch: it is difficult to imagine what could have been his motive for doing this; to the performer the difficulty of execution must have been greatly increased. The three movements are beautiful specimens of Bach's best style. I hope that the publica-

tion of this and the other companion pieces upon which Herr David is still at work will make these compositions accessible to those who like to play and listen to the highest style of violin music. But whoever takes them up must not approach them as mere mechanical studies—they are true musical poems.

The orchestral works were Cherubini's "*Solemn March*," written for the funeral of Charles X., a simple but impressive composition, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

In the fourth Gewandhaus Chamber Music Concert, a new work (MS.) by Gade was performed—a Sextet for two violins, two violas, two violoncellos. It would be unjust to the composer to form a final opinion from a single hearing of a work on such a scale, and the score of which is not published. The second movement (*Scherzo*) seemed to please the most; it is really very clever and worked out with much spirit. The first and third movements are graceful and pleasing, even although they may be somewhat monotonous. The subject of the fourth movement is hardly marked enough; the extreme rapidity with which it was taken made it almost unintelligible. The other numbers were Beethoven's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, excellently played by the Herren Kapellmeister Reinecke and Lübeck; and Mendelssohn's Octet, the marvellous *Scherzo* of which produced its never-failing effect.

Very generous gifts have already been made by the Mendelssohn family from the proceeds of the sale of the Mendelssohn Letters. The *Stadtrath* of Leipsic have just made known another noble present. The Herren Paul and Dr. Karl Mendelssohn have entrusted the *Stadtrath* with a further sum of 1500 thalers from the same source; the interest of this sum is to be given yearly on the 3rd February, Mendelssohn's birthday, to a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatorium.

Some quarter of a century ago, much interest was excited in the musical circles of Leipsic by a young Englishman, who passed a winter there for the sake of enjoying Mendelssohn's instruction, and of profiting by the rich stores of music there to be heard. We have but to turn to the various articles which Schumann wrote about that time to see how high was the opinion of the "young Englishman's" talents; and we may also discover how cordial a spirit then prevailed in Leipsic, how delighted the leading musicians were to discover promise of high endowments, and with what warm encouragement the young men were met by those who had already advanced further on their way. Would that this same cordiality, this readiness not only to acknowledge, but to seek for, talent from names as yet unknown, were still to be found amongst the critics and the concert audiences of Leipsic! In the twelfth Gewandhaus concert, the warmth of his reception told Prof. Sterndale Bennett, the "young Englishman" of the time to which I have referred, that he had not been forgotten by his old friends. He had brought with him the *Allegro*, *Menuetto* and *Rondo finale* (a series which I hope will soon, by the addition of a slow movement, become a complete symphony), which was first brought out in London last summer at a Philharmonic concert. Knowing how exhausting is the life of a London music-teacher, especially of one so much sought after as Prof. Bennett, there were some who feared that the delicate fancy, which in the beginning of his career had given to the world pieces so charming as the *Wood Nymph* and *Naiades* overtures, the F minor pianoforte concerto, the three "Water Sketches," &c., &c., might have begun to dry up. It was a great pleasure to find that these fears were groundless. The *Allegro* and *Menuetto* are so fresh and graceful that they may be ranked among the best Prof. Bennett has written; in the *Rondo* the interest rather falls off.

The simple, natural beauty of the music, the clearness of its construction, and the excellent taste with which it was instrumented, were at once appreciated by the audience, who expressed their pleasure by loud applause, and by a recall of the composer.

The pianist in this concert was Dr. (!) Satter. His performance of Beethoven's concerto in G showed that although he is essentially a solo pianist of the most modern and brilliant school, he can give a respectful interpretation of the works of the great masters; there was no attempt to substitute brilliancy of finger for chastened taste.

The name of the singer, as announced upon the programme, was Canzoni Gastold; report says that a very short time ago the lady was known by a more familiar German name: her voice is a contralto of some compass, and of a pleasant quality; her style, though not so purely Italian as her name, is good, and her execution sufficient for the pieces she selected—an *Aria* from Handel's "*Semele*," and Schubert's "*Wanderer*." Judging from her performance on this occasion, she may be considered a singer of good promise.

The other orchestral pieces were Cherubini's overture to the "*Wasserträger*" (better known by its French title "*Les deux Journées*"), and Beethoven's great (No. 3) "*Leonore*" overture.

The sixth Euterpe concert brought out two pieces hitherto unheard here. The first was the *Andante* from Schubert's "*Tragic Symphony*." As the whole work has not yet been printed, it is impossible to say how far it bears out the title its composer has given it. The fragment performed this evening has not that depth of feeling which would be expected in tragic music; judging it apart from its title, the *Andante* is a graceful piece of music, but will hardly bear comparison with its composer's greater works. The other novelty was an overture to "*Prometheus*," by Woldemar Bargiel. In almost all the works of this composer which I have yet heard there is a strong tendency to gloom, and, as the Germans call it, *Weltschmerz*; what light there is, is lurid rather than healthy sunshine. But still there is no doubt that Herr Bargiel has at times moments of inspiration which show him to possess real poetic fire. There are some fine passages in the overture, but I would prefer to express no positive opinion till I have heard it again; the performance was too unsatisfactory to make it possible to judge fairly; the wind instruments, which have a very important part in the score, were unusually out of tune. The other orchestral pieces were Bach's vigorous concerto for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos and contrabass, and Beethoven's Symphony in A. The Concerto, which has nothing for the wind instruments to do, was the most satisfactorily performed of the two; it is a wonderful example of the manly strength and joyous humor of the old cantor.

At the usual Friday evening *soirée* of the pupils of the Conservatorium last week Professor Bennett was present by invitation of the directors. All the music, with the exception of a quartet by Beethoven, was selected from the Professor's compositions. It included the *Capriccio* in E (Op. 22), "*Suite de Pièces*" (Op. 25), Sextet in F sharp minor, first and last movements (Op. 6), and the Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, first and second movements. The Professor expressed himself as much pleased with the way in which the various pieces were performed.

Paris.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN 1864.—The most important event of the year is undoubtedly the Imperial Decree, dated Jan. 6th, 1864, authorizing the "*Liberté des Théâtres*." This decree came into force on the 1st of July. Until that time the repertoire of each theatre was restricted to a certain class of piece (Tragedy in one, Drama in another, Opera in a third, &c.), to which the manager was bound to adhere. But since the above date, and as the regulation now stands, there is nothing to prevent the Théâtre Français from playing "*Athalie*" and the "*Wandering Minstrel*," with a hornpipe between the acts, or the opera playing "*Georges Barnaud*" and "*Roland*," on the same night. What the result of this measure will be remains to be seen. At all events it will do no harm, and will still the fearful complaints of many would-be managers, who were sure of making their fortunes were they allowed to do as they pleased. They have now a chance of displaying those talents which up to the present seem to have been "born to blind unseen;" and as soon as they make up their minds to do something worthy of applause we are ready to burst our white kids as a token of gratitude and appropriation. By the same decree, a change has been made in the manner of awarding the musical *Grand Prix de Rome*, which until this last year was decided by the entire *Académie des Beaux Arts*; (*Institut*), the works by the competitors for the prize being judged in the first *Section de Musique*, and afterwards confirmed by the whole body of Academicians. At the present time three out of the six gentlemen forming the *Section* mentioned are professors at the Conservatoire; and it is rightly being deemed improper that they should judge the works of their own disciples. The prize (which gives five years residence in Rome, with a liberal pension to its lucky holder) is now awarded by a jury of nine, chosen by lot out of a list of some thirty of the most distinguished musicians. This arrangement has brought another change. The successful cantata is no longer performed at the *Institut*, but is honored by a really "public" performance at the opera. Another excellent measure is the obligation imposed on the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique (as an acknowledgment of his subvention), to mount every year an opera in three acts, by one of the Roman *pensionnaires*, who has not already had a work performed in Paris. This is a great boon to those gentlemen, who after five years' residence in the "Eternal City," find themselves on their return to Paris lost amid the crowd of "*jeunes compositeurs*," whose

name is legion, and who pass their time in sadly wandering through the streets in search of that *rosa avis*, a libretto. Now they have a chance of being successful at the *concours*, which awaits them on their return to France; and the thought of that will doubtless incite them to harder work than what they generally indulge in Italy, and which, according to tradition, consists in buying a ream of scoring paper, smoking cigarettes, and doing the *dolce far niente* worse than a lazzarone. The Emperor of the French and the Ministre (Le Maréchal Vaillant), whom these affairs regard, have both of them the reputation of being confirmed anti-musicians. This may be the case; but certainly the three new measures adopted, and the reception of the author of "*Roland*" (M. Mermet) as a guest at the Compiègne, prove that if the head of the Government does not care for music himself, he certainly shows great consideration for those who do. The theatres, particularly the opera, have done good business during the year. The revival of "*Moïse*" took place a few days before the 1st January, and was very successful. This was followed by a ballet in three acts, "*La Maschera*," in which Mlle. Boschetti made her début. Shortly after, "*Le Docteur Magnus*," an opera in one act, by M. Duprato, was given; but the great production was "*Roland à Roncevaux*," which, as far as the treasury is concerned, has been more successful than any work produced for the last thirty years. "*Nemén*," a ballet in two acts, was also played with moderate success. The *Cahier des Charges* of the Opera contains an article setting forth that two operas and two ballets, one of each *grand*, and the other *petit*, are to be given every year; and M. Perrin, the present manager, is the first for many years who has carried out these conditions to the letter. Two *Chanteuses légères*, Mlle. Camille De Maesen and Madame Pascal, and a *basse noble*, M. David, made their débuts successfully, and now form part of the troupe; and among the first appearances in the ballet we have Mlle. Roschette (a *demi-succès*), Salvoni, and Laure-Fonta.

The Opéra Comique began the year with "*La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*," libretto by the late M. Scribe and M. D. St. Georges, music by M. Auber. This was not the "*dessus du panier*" of M. Scribe's poems, and although the music showed that M. Auber had lost none of the qualities which distinguish his early productions, the work had a "*succès d'estime*" and no more. "*Lara*" by MM. Cormon and Haillart, and a revival of Halévy's "*Eclair*" came next, and the theatre was closed for repairs. Since the re-opening in September "*Les Absents*," "*Le Trésor de Pierrot*," and "*Le Capitaine Henriot*" have been produced, and noticed in your columns, so recently that I need mention them "*que pour mémoire*."

The Théâtre Italien has presented no novelty, but has revived two operas, "*Roberto Devereux*," and "*Linda di Chamounix*," the first a failure, the second, thanks to Mlle Patti, a success. An attempt made to introduce a ballet was a decided failure, and M. Bagier has done well to give it up. The only new comer was M. Brignoli, who made a very favourable impression. Madame de la Grange, MM. Delle Sedie and Scalsese, Madame de Méric-Lablache, and Mlle. Patti, are still with us; and with the exception of the opening night, an unfortunate attempt at "*Norma*" which was brought to a close at the end of the first act *pour cause d'indisposition*, generally the performances have been good. Mlle. Patti, being of course, the "bright particular star."

Théâtre Lyrique also has been doing a good business, "*Rigoletti*," "*Don Pasquale*," "*Violetta*" (with Mlle. Nillsen), and "*Faust*," have drawn good houses. The success of "*Mireille*" was very doubtful on its first appearance; but in its new form it was revived a few weeks ago, and answers well. Works of a lighter class have not been neglected; and "*L'Alcade*," "*Béguements d'amour*," and "*Le Cousin Bapylas*," &c., have been well received.

M. Offenbach has turned Secessionist, and has left the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens to its fate, which appears to be a lively one, for the "*Serpent à plumes*," music M. Léo Delibes, and the stock pieces of the repertoire are very successful under the new management.

WEIMER.—From January 1st, 1864, to January 1st 1865, the following operas were performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre: *Le Maçon* and *Fra Diavolo*, Auber; *Beatrice et Bénédict*, Berlioz; *Fidelio* (twice), Beethoven; *La Dame Blanche* (twice), Boieldieu; *Les deux Journées* (twice), Cherubini; *La Fille du Régiment* (twice), Donizetti; *Martha* and *Stradella* (twice), Flotow; *Faust*, Gounod; *La Juive*, Halévy; *Zampa*, Hérolf; *Die Katakomben*, Ferdinand Hiller; *Des Sängers Fluch* (twice), Langert; *Czar und Zimmermann*, Lortzing; *Robert le Diable* (three times), Le Prophète, and *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and

Don Juan, Mozart; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt* (twice), Offenbach; *Die Statue* (three times); *Reyer*; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* (twice), Rossini; *Il Trovatore* (twice), and *Hernani*, Verdi; *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Rienzi*, *Der Fliegende Holländer* (three times), and *Lohengrin* (twice), Wagner; and *Der Freischütz*, Carl M. von Weber. In addition to these performances, there were five concerts, at which the following works were executed: *Harold en Italie*, symphony by Hector Berlioz; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Symphony in C minor, and Symphony in A major; and *Columbus*, a musical Sea-picture, by J. J. Abert. The operatic novelties were Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*; *Reyer's Statue*; and Langert's *Sänger's Fluch*.

MUSICAL ITALY.—The notion that musical taste in Italy is at the lowest ebb, and that people no longer worship any composer but Verdi, is altogether an erroneous one. It may, on the contrary, be asserted that classical music, including the music of the new German romantic school, was never before cultivated with such ardor, and in so comprehensive a manner. Milan and Florence (the new capital) are especially distinguishing themselves, and the programmes of their serious concerts contain hardly any other names than those of the great German masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, and those of their worthy Epigoni. Even Schumann is becoming naturalized in Italy, his compositions having already been performed with great success at concerts of chamber music. This was the case at a Quartet Soirée in Milan, when the Quartet, Op. 47, commenced the evening. Bazzini, who is at the head of this Quartet Society, took the violin, and Luca Fumigalli, the pianoforte part. The Quartet was received with genuine enthusiasm, especially the Scherzo. It was followed by Mozart's Quintet in D minor: Three Pieces in form of a Sonata, Op. 44, by Bazzini; Chopin's Notturmo, Op. 15; Scherzo, Op. 16, by Mendelssohn; and, to conclude, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven. At the last Soirée but one of the Società del Quartetto, at Florence, the pieces selected for performance were Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 47 (?) ; Mozart's Quintet, with clarinet; Spohr's Double Quartet, Op. 87; and the first movement of Mendelssohn's Octet. The first violin was taken in turns by Papini and Sasso. At the following concert, on the 3d inst., only works by Mendelssohn, Hummel, and Georgetti were performed. At the concert of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence only two works were played, but they were works of the first class; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht." This, by the way, was the first time the latter work had ever been performed in Italy. The band and chorus rivaled the soloists in excellence. The above programmes, to which many more might be added, are sufficient to show the progress the taste for classical music is making in Italy.—*German paper.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 18, 1865.*

Dr. Cutlers's Choral Festival.

Vast throngs of people paid their dollar and were happy to secure a decent seat in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7. They went with very various expectations, for the entertainment (concert, service, what you please) presented very various faces. The great majority were church people, of the English Episcopal faith, who went anticipating a model, an authoritative perfect specimen, from famous, fashionable Trinity, New York, of their own, the only true Cathedral musical service. These were reinforced by hundreds of all classes interested in the general problem of church music, and who came with more or less confidence of witnessing a beautiful solution. Others (few comparatively) were caught by the historical aspect of the thing; they were to have the whole history of sacred music spread before them by brief lecture and examples. Some were drawn by the personal bait of this and that highly reported singer, this and that organist, Mr. Morgan on the organ, Mr. Paine in the

old Bach vein, &c. Some by the great agglomeration of materials:—the united choirs of Trinity, New York, with all its twenty or more boys, its tenors and its basses, the Advent Choir of Boston (boys), with a chorus culled from the Handel and Haydn Society, the Great Organ, four organists, historical lecture crumbs scattered along at intervals, and all under the direction of the new-made "Mus. Doc.," whose exemplary administration of the musical service at Trinity is understood to have earned him this honor at the hands of a New York University. (Who shall doubt the musical authority of such a jury of experts as the faculty of an American College!) But the bright particular attraction was the singing of the Boys, particularly Masters Coker, Ehrlich, and the rest, of Trinity. This was the real magnet, without which the others would have been feebly operative.

The singing of the boys was indeed extremely interesting; all found it so. The "Choral Festival," as a whole, was extremely long, heterogeneous and tedious; all felt it so, however bound in courtesy to be delighted. That great audience will hardly be drawn together a second time.

The fault lay here: the Festival purported to have an idea to illustrate; yet unity of idea, of plan, of purpose, is precisely what was wanting. There was really no central and controlling mind or thought in the whole business. It was not historical; it was not cathedral, nor ecclesiastical in any sense; it was not catholic, either in the technical or the general sense; it was not a service, and not exactly, that is to say not frankly, an exhibition, but a little of both, especially the latter; it was not so much lesson as it was entertainment; it was not so good an entertainment as it would have been without the lesson. It tried to be all these things at once; no wonder it was neither of them. And yet the stirring up of all these ingredients in the cauldron served the main chance admirably; the crowd set the seal upon it as a business speculation. Let us pass the different elements of the entertainment in brief review.

1. *Historically*, it was next to nothing. The "remarks explanatory and historical," by the Rev. JOHN W. SHACKLEFORD, might have been omitted to advantage. They told us nothing, and conveyed no idea of the way in which, the steps by which, the old plain chant of Ambrose and Gregory grew up into the highest complex, glorious forms of sacred music. Both in the remarks and specimens two steps exhausted all there was of history that evening. Starting with a Gregorian chant, *in unison*, unaccompanied: "*Cantate Domino*" (in which the boys' voices sounded wonderfully clear, firm and precise, and all the voices well), the first step brought us to a chant *in parts*, sung antiphonally (yet with a modern English name attached—Dr. Turlé). A very long stride this; and not a word to tell how harmony grew up, or by what barbarous scholastic harmony, of fifths and fourths, this modern harmony of Dr. Turlé's chant was preceded. (In the singing, the boy soprano and alto told beautifully, but the tenors and basses only murmured faintly as if doubtful whether their part was required; their shadowiness against the boy brightness rounded the thing into something like the new moon in the old moon's arms). A second long stride landed us away-down in Luther's times, and we heard a German choral, "*Ein feste Burg*," sung

with a very strange, adventurously figurative organ accompaniment, but without "interludes between the lines," which was about the only peculiarity of the German Chorale which the lecturer described to us. After this an English Chorale of king Charles's time—a noble, sterling one—and then all historical order was abandoned, and the rest of the concert made up of fragments of modern Oratorio, Mass and Organ music, from Handel to Mendelssohn, from Bach to Cutler, most miscellaneous mingled. We were not told how the Chorale was treated, harmonized, by Bach and others, and how Bach worked it up, transformed it, as a vital germ, into the highest forms of Protestant religious music. Nor was there a word about, nor a sound from Palestrina, nor any of the old Italia nor Flemish masters. What did the concert or the lecture teach us of the Chorale? An excellent and hearty protest, to be sure, the clergyman made against operatic airs and fashions in our choirs and organ lofts; when instantly the Great Organ lifted its thousand voices, for what? to show us the true, the chaste, the real sacred style? On the contrary, to tickle the ear with the most operative of all organ music, with one of the French *Offertoires*, by Wely!

2. The "Choral," or Cathedral element. To examine the claims of the exclusive validity of boy choirs would cost a long argument, which we have no room for here. No doubt the charm of the concert was the singing of the boys. It has great peculiar beauty. There is the tone of innocence and freshness, a clear bright-facedness, a healthy, lusty vigor, a delicacy and purity withal, and a certain charm of docile, passionless impersonality, in their young voices, which is not only beautiful in a mere æsthetic view, but grateful to the religious sentiment, because impersonal and unsophisticated and neutral as to earthly passion; suggestive, also, of angelic, or rather of cherubic choirs. This is the poetic side of it, which easily runs into the sentimental. Into their music enters not the glow, the thrill, the pathos of earthly love; does it therefore follow that the heavenly love touches its lips with fire? On the contrary, it is without fire, it is simply neutral. Of expression, it can have only what is inseparable from the music sung, if only sung correctly and with sweet, pure voices. Of the external, sensuous charm of euphony, sonorous beauty, trained ensemble, good vocal method, and even of a high degree of execution, it can have much; these boys of Trinity are among the finest instances that we have heard since the famous Dom-chor of Berlin, which we believe to be the best choir singing in the world.

Still we must suspect that there is a great deal of sentimentalism in all this excitement which is springing up here about boy choirs. It is a monastic idea; it began in convents; and it implies (though nowadays it would scarcely dare to utter) a notion that there is somewhat rather unholy in the participation of women's voices in the music of the sanctuary. With those who believe this, it were idle for us to argue. With those who do not believe it (and do we not all pride ourselves on this crowning grace of Christian civilization, the respect for woman?), does not the claim necessarily sink to a sentimentalism, a pleasant dream, like that of the revival of the age of chivalry? Boys can and do sing admirably in choirs; but it appears that Bach and Handel and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and the greatest masters of the great age of music, have thought mixed choirs better and have composed accordingly. For our part, we follow our masters. There are great advantages of drill and habit and facility in boys set apart, apprenticed to a Cathedral service; there are the peculiar

charms already mentioned in their voices; but the highest charm, of soul, expression, fervent rapture, prayerful pathos, dear-bought experience and conviction from the inmost heart, how can there be? What high counter-part, or complement, shall match the manly tenor and bass, for that, except the heart-felt, ripe soprano of the woman?

This thought indicates the limits of boy singing. The boys are best in masses, singing together in chants, chorales, contrapuntal choruses; that is, in music which is the most impersonal. This is the true use of them. To hear the Dom-chor (60 or 80 boys and 30 men) render the music of the old Flemish, Italian, German masters, as well as the more modern, is perhaps the most edifying musical experience which any Church anywhere affords. Dr. CUTLER's boys gave admirable proof of native quality and training in all they sang the other evening in this way; in the chants and chorales already mentioned, in the choruses from the "Messiah" and "Judith Macabean," and best of all in the *Gloria* from Haydn's third Mass. These choruses, however, were less perfect in the grown men's parts, and suffered from bad organ accompaniment.—Take notice here, too, that this cathedral service concert was mainly made up of oratorio and organ pieces, and therefore wholly disappointed those who sought example, or solution of the problem, of church music.

All praise, therefore, to the boy singing in chorus. But when it comes to the matter of expression, solo-singing, it is more questionable. The positive excellences, the positive charm, were great; but the something wanting was greater. Yet it was in solo-singing that these boys won their brightest laurels. They certainly did sing charmingly. The "Angel Trio" (*Elijah*) by the three best was truly exquisitely rendered; save that the third voice, by its manlier quality, stood off too much against the others; but these boys are no angels, and Mendelssohn's mind's ear heard women when he wrote it. Master COKER's singing of "Hear ye, Israel" was as remarkable for well-trained, well-phrased, facile, bright and clean delivery, for even an artistic execution, as his soprano voice is singularly beautiful, clear, flexible, rich, delicate, and ringing in the highest notes of its great compass. But who can find the heart, the life of that song even in the ideal of boy singing, when he has heard it sung by Jenny Lind? A song written out of the depths of a tried soul's experience, to be so innocently, carelessly, dashing, felicitously thrown off! Is this the real thing, or only clever imitation of the thing? "Let the bright Seraphim" suited him much better; his strong, bright voice had the trumpeting thereof. Master Coker has the larger, stronger, brighter voice; and there is more dash and freedom in his singing and whole nature; he is more of a "sensation" boy; but the quiet little German from the Dom-chor, Master EHRLICH, with his smaller, sweet voice, showed a finer touch of feeling and of style, a something more sincere and inward, in his really beautiful rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," although that is about the last song in the world to be allotted to a child. Master GRANDIN's manly, richly colored alto, and chaste, firm, noble style, made an excellent impression in "O thou that tellest." The two lads of the Advent Choir, who sang Handel's "Lovely Peace" duet, have sweet voices, and gave pleasure, though lacking the culture and the method of the New York boys.—It is sad to think that these rare voices must in the course of nature change so soon; but what their possessors have learned of vocal method, and to know and feel of noble music, will be theirs for life, invaluable.

3. Other solo-singing. Mr. MAYER showed an uncommonly large, firm, manly tenor voice, at times a little hard, but generally sweet and musical, and sang with taste and feeling, in the air "Total Eclipse." Mr. GEORGE HARRISON, young Coker's teacher, could not appear to sing "Sound an alarm." Mr.

THOMAS, basso, was not in good voice, so that "It is enough" was really too much. Why these solo performances at all in such a choral service concert? Simply to display the individual singers: an instance of the mixed motives, baffling all unity, in the Festival. The same must be said of the

4. Organ performances. These were entirely superfluous, so far as the concert was churchlike or historical. Nobody went there to hear the organ, but to hear the boys. The selections were not churchlike. Of the French *offertoire*, brilliantly of course played by Mr. MORGAN, we have spoken. His other selection, grand indeed, was from Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." Dr. CUTLER's "Chaconne" with "pedal obligato," had less of pedal passages than one expected, and seemed a thin, albeit ingenious piece of contrapuntal triviality, not contrapuntal earnest. Mr. CARTER's treatment of the Dead March in "Saul" (what a cheerful selection to relieve so long and serious a programme!) was simple *outré* and grotesque; the cheap thunder on the pedals reminds us of an organ concert advertisement in a Worcester paper, from which you would think that the Organ was a gigantic electrical machine, for it coolly announces that "Mr. W. will electrify the auditory with the 'Thunder Storm' and other popular pieces" (!) This trick was vehemently applauded, particularly by the boys, and though the concert had already run the usual length, and full a third of it was yet to come, Mr. C. responded with Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" as an encore piece. Bach's great *Possacaglia*, grandly played by Mr. PAINE, and hitherto a favorite in the purely organ concerts, was too much for the late hour and for the occasion; such works must be principal and not accessory; this time its opportunity was spoiled by all that came before it.

The lighter and more secular solo concert given the next evening in the name of Master COKER, was doubtless more enjoyable, because less pretending; but we did not hear it.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The largely increased attendance at the third concert, last Tuesday evening, seemed to show a perception that the programme was uncommonly well selected. There were just four pieces, all of the choicest, well contrasted, so that there was no disturbance to the sense of unity, and no fatigue. First came a Quartet by Mozart (in F, No. 8), light, facile, genial, happy, exquisitely moulded in its quick movements, rich and full of deeper sentiment in the slower Allegretto. The rendering was on the whole satisfactory, though the first violin was not *always* quite true in the higher notes, and there was something too stiff and wooden in the tone of the viola in passages which call it into marked activity.

A novelty, a quaint one and, as it proved, quite captivating, was a Concerto by Bach, in G minor, for Piano with quartet of strings. Mr. LANG played it with delicacy and nicety, entering into the wholesome, racy humor of it; and it gave great delight, especially the first and middle movements. After this experiment, and those of Mr. Dresel, may we not say that the Bach bugbear is already vanishing?

The *Allegro Moderato* and *Larghetto* from Spohr's Sextet for two violins, two violas, two cellos (op. 140, in C), sounded remarkably rich, full and broad, and freer from Spohr's peculiar mannerism than most that we have heard of him. It lay well on the strings, and was very euphonious and enjoyable.

Finally, Mr. Lang played the really "Grand" Piano Trio in B flat, by Beethoven, with Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES on the violin and cello parts. Its charm is infallible, if decently well played, and this time the interpretation was masterly; the profound beauty and feeling of the *Andante Cantabile* was completely absorbing; and the imaginative wealth of

thought, the exquisite surprises, the tempting and rewarding digressions, the logical unity of the whole work, brought every listener under the spell of Beethoven's genius.

But one concert of the series remains, and that will be on the 14th of March.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION in their two last concerts have adopted our suggestion of giving each time two overtures, a solid and a light one, besides the Symphony, and the dainty little *entremets*; and they seem now to have settled into just the right ideal of programme, to interest the best taste and culture of so large an audience as they would woo into the Music Hall.

The fourth Concert opened with the great *Leonora* overture, in C, with trumpet, which, for so small a number of strings, was impressively rendered. It closed with the sparkling overture to *Fra Diavolo* played to a charm. The Symphony, which they well place as number three, was this time (following a waltz by Lumbye) Mendelssohn's "Italian", No. 4. It could have been more nicely rendered; but its beauty told upon the audience. It was followed by an arranged Scene and Duet from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and a Serenade, with horn obligato, by Reissiger, both interesting.

The fifth concert gave us Julius Rietz's concert overture in A once more, and a genial composition of real artistic unity and eloquence, which grows upon us, and is worthy of Mendelssohn's successor to the Leipzig baton. Then the Strauss waltz, "Carnival messages." Then Beethoven's second Symphony, in D; a performance of average excellence, though sometimes certain wind instruments were out of tune or coarse in sound. Mr. ARBUCKLE, on his trumpet, sang a German song: "How fair thou art," very smoothly; then came an orchestral version of Chopin's *Marcia funebre*, which was very solemn and impressive; but the soft, pathetic second subject seemed to us too slow. Then for the light, closing overture, Rossini's ever jovial and graceful one to *La Gazza Ladra*. We hope the Union will keep on reviving this class of overtures; there are plenty of them, which show genius with their lightness; there is *Il Barbiere* and many more of Rossini's; there are more by Auber; there is the *Dame Blanche*, Weber's *Preciosa*, and so on.

Mr. J. H. WHEELER, the successful teacher of Cultivation of the Voice and Singing, of this city, has located in New Haven, Conn. We wish him all the success his efforts demand, and congratulate our readers in that lovely city on possessing so competent an instructor.

Musical Correspondence.

(From our Regular Correspondent).

NEW YORK, FEB. 13.—Mme. Urso's concerts! Miss Brainard's concert! Mr. Kerrison's concert! Mr. Pattison's concert! Miss Harris's concert! Coterie concerts! Church concerts! Mutual admiration society concerts! Concert posters on the walls, concert bills on the shop counters, photographs of concert celebrities in every music-seller's window. And here comes a Russian lady violoncellist from Belgium, Mile. de Katow, who is decidedly no "de," perhaps no "Mile." nor "Katow" either; and a pianist, James Wehli, whom nobody knows anything about except that he is not the French Lefebure-Wely by any means, and just as certainly not Charles Wehle of German renown; possibly he is from Palestine. And the implacable Journal of Music expects a report of all this? And still worse, expects me to listen to it all, before reporting? And how shall an unfortunate correspondent preserve his good temper, his digestion, and his musical health and sanity, through such an ordeal?

No, no! here goes with the cream of the last two weeks, and let the rest *aller se promener*!

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave, in their third concert of this season, as orchestral works, Schumann's first Symphony, in B flat; Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, and Beethoven's *Egmont* overture. The Symphony, through its melodic charm, its rhythmic and harmonic richness, its perfect form in every movement,—the whole enhanced by a masterly use of orchestral means,—at once placed the immense audience in a happy mood, and gave a wholesome lesson to those hardened sinners against Schumann's genius, who, from their own intellectual poverty, are

unable to discover anything in him but melodic deficiencies and abstruse harmonies. Let us hope the lesson may not escape their memory in future. The orchestra played the noble work with pleasure, apparently; although here and there a finer shading of this or that passage, a more distinct bringing out of a motive, and decidedly a slower tempo in the first movement, which would have made the swift passages, and sudden modulations of the leading motive clearer, were desirable. Still we have to thank both director and orchestra for the manner in which the whole was performed.

The overtures, glorious favorites, long naturalized in the hearts of all true artists and lovers of art, were played with the right *elan*.

Mr. WILLIAM MASON performed Schubert's piano forte Fantaisie in C major, opus 15, with Liszt's instrumentation. Liszt, by his effective and finely worked out orchestral accompaniment, has raised this fine fantasia to a first rank among concert pieces. In this peculiar gift of transcription of orchestral or vocal pieces for the piano, and of added orchestration to the works of distinguished masters, Liszt is truly great; he seems to have the faculty of penetrating into the most secret corners of such works, and of translating and re-echoing their true sense with the very spirit of the composer whose creations he takes in hand, while his coloring is so rich, that it rarely spoils the original intention. Mr. Mason has once before delighted us with his artistic interpretation of this work. If, on this occasion, he was scarcely himself, yet we could not but wonder that he found it possible to play in the manner he did; for he was ill and lame, and only carried his task to an end by means of great mental exertion.

Madame CAMILLE URSO played two salon pieces with orchestral accompaniment: "*Souvenirs de Mozart*," by Alard, *Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice*. Mme. Urso is well-known as a technically correct violin player; her trills, staccato, harmonics, passages, and all the rest of the witchery of a violinist, she carries to an uncommon degree of perfection; that her delicately feminine tone, her soulful expression, are always sure to delight the public, we need not say. But we only recognize in her as yet an interpreter of *virtuoso* violin music, such as soon fatigues the attention; and we cannot but regret that so much talent is never used in the interpretation of compositions of a high degree of value.

MME. VARIAN sang Beethoven's "Adelaide;" an unfortunate choice on the part of the lady, as this noble song can only be given with its true effect by the voice (tenor) for which it was intended.

Genuine pearls among the concerts with which our city is blest in winter, are the soirées of classic chamber music to be passed in the society of Messrs. MASON, THOMAS, &c. They are true artistic family gatherings. A refined audience, not attracted by frivolous fashion, but by sincere love and intelligent comprehension of Music, is to be found there year after year. The circle is not a large one, but every season increases the number of believers. To be sure, a few of the uncivilized and uninitiated find place there also, and disturb their neighbors with irreligious behavior, such as nodding the head and tapping with the foot (out of time) in the Minuetto, chattering loudly during a delicate Scherzo, or giving vent to a sonorous snore while a pathetic Schumann Andante is in progress; but these find the air a great deal too pure for them, and they do not come often, or stay very long when they do come, fortunately. The executants, the usual party, MASON at the piano, THOMAS, MOSENTHAL, MATZKA, BERGNER, the quartet—all artists of the right stamp—are always careful to give us the best chamber music that our great masters have written, without neglecting new productions of merit. And it is hardly necessary to say, that a practice of eight years together has given the quartet an ensemble and perfection of

execution that enables them to interpret their programmes in the correct style and spirit.

Two of these concerts have already been given this winter; one in Steinway's exceedingly small room, which being found too much *en miniature* for the audience, the quartet moved on the second evening to their old quarters in Dodworth's building. Here are the programmes, which were excellently selected on both occasions. First Soirée:—Septet, E flat, op. 20, by Beethoven; Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, G minor, op. 65, by Chopin; Quartet, A minor, op. 41, by Schumann.—Second Soirée:—Quartet, E flat, op. 12, by Mendelssohn; Trio, C minor, op. 102, by Raff; Quartet, E minor, op. 59, by Beethoven.

THE ITALIAN OPERA is again in progress, but the company has not done anything, since its return from Boston, worthy of special remark. *Polliuto*, *Norma*, *Trociatore*, *Traviata*, *Faust*, *Ernani*, repetitions all, have been the order of the nights; Verdi's *Forza del destino* is promised; and rumor hints at *Le Prophète*, with d'Angri in the part of Fides.

LANCELOT.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 13.—At the last matinée of the Quintette Club, we had a revival of Mendelssohn's quartet for piano and strings. It is one of his earlier works, and though lacking the breadth and power of many of its successors, is yet interesting and delightfully characteristic. Ernst's *Elegie* (performed by Mr. GAERTNER), and the storm quintet concluded the programme. These matinées are well attended, and programmes as well as performances are in keeping with the high musical position of the gentlemen composing the Club.

At the Germania rehearsal of last Saturday, the Scherzo of the "Eroica" symphony was performed for the third time. We owe thanks to Mr. SCHMITZ for his persistence in so good a cause. The third performance evidenced great improvement upon the first and the second, and established the possibility of a correct rendering of this movement, beyond peradventure. The French horns should be looked to, however. Their strains are invariably wrinkled. (I shall charge nothing for this metaphor, but will send you a better one as soon as the Germania improves).

MESSRS. CROSS and JARVIS had their second soirée last Saturday evening. As usual there was a large attendance. The programme comprised.

Quartet. Piano and strings (E flat). Mozart.
Sonata in A. Op. 47. Piano and violin. Beethoven.
Ballade. Chopin.
Quintet. Piano and Strings. Hummel.

Mr. Cross played the piano part in the Mozart quartet. The Beethoven Sonata was rendered by Messrs. Gaertner and Jarvis. Upon this composition and the Chopin *Ballade* the chief interest was concentrated.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" is so familiar to all who have any acquaintance with Sonata literature, that I shall attempt no description of it. How few violinists ever play it correctly! The opening chords (*pons asinorum* of fiddlers) were correctly intoned and nobly played by Mr. Gaertner. The ensuing difficulties, equally distributed between piano and violin, received full justice at the hands of the performers. Exacting criticism might note slight insecurity of intonation in the beginning of the fourth variation, as the only blemish in a performance otherwise eminently satisfactory.

Grover is in the newspapers with flaming advertisements of the approaching season of German Opera. To cke out a list of artists, formidable rather in quantity than in quality, he prints the names of the chorus singers and the members of the orchestra. We have the promise of certain operas we should much like to hear, and symphonies, as well as solos, in addition; respecting all of which I hope to inform you in due season. JAQUINO.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- My heart is light. Song. Antonio de Anguera. 30
An excellent song throughout, in easy flowing style, and the words, by "Lilly," cheerful and pretty.
- Mongengruss. Good morning, maiden fair and bright. F. Schubert. 30
This is No. 8 of a series of 20 songs, or a "cycle" as Schubert calls them, all having some reference to the fair "Maid of the Mill." The set is pretty, and this morning song is one of the best.
- Signor, elemento e pio. O king, thy deed of mercy. "Don Sebastian." 30
This is the admired air sung by Zayda in the first act of the opera. Not difficult.
- So many flowers of azure hue. Song. Schubert. 30
A sweet little melody, and belongs to the set of the "Maid of the Mill." The flowers are "Forget-me-nots."
- Their sun shall no more go 'down. Quartet for female voices. S. P. Tuckerman. 40
A quartet prepared for a funeral occasion, and of a chaste and beautiful character.
- Flower girl. Song. L. O. Emerson. 30.
A sweet and simple ballad.
- The Lord upholdeth those that are falling. "Fall of Jerusalem." 30
A sacred song of classic merit.
- It's just as well to take things in a quiet sort of way. H. Sydney. 30
An English comic song, in which the title, at least, has a good "moral." Good melody.

Instrumental.

- Oh! Whisper what thou feelst. Fantasie de Salon. E. Hoffmann. 75
Quite an elaborate piece of medium difficulty, and showing a most refined and delicate taste in the setting of its gems of melody.
- Everett's funeral march. Burditt. 40
The impressive march played at the funeral of our great scholar and statesman. It was much admired at the time, and is now made accessible to the public.
- Dorothea; a dramatic scena for Cabinet organ. L. H. Southard. 50
A kind of lament for a friend lost in the war, expressed however, not in vocal, but instrumental language. The idea is well carried out in a number of plaintive strains.
- Dresden march. (4th battalion). For Brass Band. Burditt. 1.00
A favorite piece, skillfully arranged.
- Funeral march, from Beethoven's Sonata in A flat op. 26. For violin and piano. Eichberg. 30
Another of these very acceptable arrangements. Lady players should get them, to enhance the pleasure of their musical evenings, and afford employment for their violin-playing friends.

Books.

- THE MUSICAL LYRA. A new collection of Glee and Operatic Choruses. By F. H. Pease. \$1.38
It is quite a common inquiry, "What can I get for a good, new, and easy Glee book?" Get the Musical Lyra. It is but a few months old, the glees are fresh, spirited, new and easy, and it is not at all likely you will be disappointed in it.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

